

1609/5968
F A I R

O F

St. G E R M A I N.

As it is A C T E D at the

T H E A T R E

I N

Little' Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,

B Y T H E

French Company of C O M E D I A N S,

Lately Arriv'd

From the Theatre-Royal at *Paris*.

All in the Characters of the Italian Theatre.

Done into English by Mr. O Z E L L.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. Chetwood at *Caro's-Head* in *Russel-Court*,
and sold by J. Roberts in *Warrick-Lane*. 1718.

(Price One Shilling.)



Dramatis Personæ,

THE DOCTOR, Guardian to *Angelica*.
ANGELICA, Sometimes Niece to the
 Doctor, sometimes Wife to an Astmattick.

OCTAVIO, *Angelica's* Lover, sometimes a wild
 Man, &c.

PIERROT, The Doctor's Servant, sometimes
 Footman to *Ninnyhammer*.

COLOMBINE, At first a Lemonade Woman,
 then *Lucretia*, &c.

HARLEQUIN, A Match-maker, afterwards keeps
 a Show; sometimes plays a Pick-Pocket, *Tar-*
quin, Emperor of *Cape Verd*, &c.

MEZZETIN, A Pudding Pye Man, then Squire
Ninny Hammer, afterwards *Tarquin's* Groom, Fa-
 ther Time, a *Petit Maitre* or Fop, as also a *Spa-*
niard.

SCARAMOUCHE, A Lethargick, a Shop-Keep-
 er, an Officer, &c.

LEANDER, A Chevalier and a Chocolate-Man.

Several Men and Women, Shop-Keepers be-
 longing to the Fair.

*The Scene is at Paris; the Place, that where the Fair
 of St. Germain is held.*





THE PREFACE.



THE Fair of St. Germain is a Piece in the Italian Theatre. Like the rest of that Collection, its Plot is indeed thin, but that Defect is supply'd by Wit and Humour. 'Tis notorious the Court of France suppress'd those Plays for being too sarcastick. Most of the Scenes are Satyrs upon some Character in Life; which, by a few masterly Strokes, is describ'd, and its Vice expos'd more fully, than by some more elaborate long-winded Performances of this Kind. Nothing, in my poor Opinion, can equal the Portrait of a (Nigaudinet) Ninnyhammer in the second Act, unless it be that of a Petit Maître (or Fop) in the third. How many Writers have labour'd in the painting out of what the French call a Distrain, a Man whose Mind is absent. Even the great Bruyere's Character of a Distrain, notwithstanding 'tis one of his fullest, and cloath'd with infinite Variety of Circumstances, falls short of what we see done here at a Dash, in the Scene of

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P R E F A C E.

the Petit Maitre and the Swiss Officer. I can't forgive the French Players for leaving it out. Again: Can the Quirks and Uncertainties of the Law be better shewn, than by Scaramouche's being divorc'd from his Wife for Impotency, and at the same Time adjudg'd to keep a Bastard-Child laid to him by his Servant Maid? The Tragedy of Tarquin and Lucretia is a pleasant Mock-Heroick. Take the whole together, tho' there may be more regular Pieces in the Italian Theatre, this is none of the least entertaining, I mean in the Original, whatever it may prove in the Translation.

As for the Prologue, it was sent me written out in Harlequin's own Hand, which is as Grotesque as his Person. However, I pick'd out the Sense as well as I could. 'Tis none of the brightest nor most intelligible Performances I have met with; but since they intend to speak it to the Town again, I thought it would not be amiss to let it go in Company with the Play.

The Reader's humble Servant,

Nov. 11, 1718.

J. OZELL.

PROLOGUE.

Harlequin, Colombine, and Pierrot.

Harl. I Tell you 'tis to no Purppose.
Col. But what do you design to do?

Harl. To return to *France* this very Day.

Col. You make Use of a good Occasion to fall out with me without any Reason; what Maggot bites you to leave so agreeable a Place as *London*, without having once enjoy'd the Advantage of showing your self to the noblest City in *Europe*.

Harl. Very well, Lady Spouse, I see where the Shoe pinches; some *English* Lord here has given you a fly Wink, and has found Means to get a Subscription upon the Fund of your Charms; do not be deceiv'd, such Subscriptions of Gallantry are of no long Duration in this Country.

Col. Oh, as for that Matter you are deceiv'd; for I design every Day to get me a new Subscription, and a dozen of Sterling Sighs will do my Business: But let us leave this Fooling, and pray tell me, if you please, Sir, what Reason obliges you to this sudden Departure.

Harl. The Reason is easy to be explain'd: *Imprimis*, I prognosticate that the Publick will never accommodate themselves to our Way of Playing. The *Doctor* says, That his Figure, and above all his Nose, will fright them most terribly: *Scaramouche* is mad, because he can't speak good *French*: *Pierrot* has not had Time enough to let the Niceness of his Wit be known; and *Octavio* is afraid he shall appear too sluggish in his Declarations of Love. Timorous *Isabella* is dying with Apprehensions of appearing before so illustrious an Assembly, and there's the Devil to do with *Marinetta*, who will certainly run stark mad, if her singing should be hiss'd.

Col. So then, every one is dispos'd to pack up
and

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and be gone: Well, be it so, you may go when you please; as for my Part, I'll stay here——

Harl. O ho! are you thereabouts?

Col. Begon, you Sot, and miss your Fortune; I abandon you to your evil Genius. I have a good Mind—— [*Offers to give him a Cuff o' th' Ear.*]

Enter Pierrot.

Pier. Well, here am I; what is it you wou'd say: Am I crooked or blind, that you make Game of me thus; if I'm a Fool, 'tis for want of Sense. Why do you rave thus? [*To Colombine.*]

Harl. What's the Matter, *Pierrot*?

Pier. Plague confound you; [*To Harl.*] Good Morrow *Colombine*; what makes you so merry; methinks you seem ready to cry?

Col. *Pierrot*, dear *Pierrot*, do me one Favour.

Pier. I have been a long time seeking to do you the Favour, but you would not suffer me: Nevertheless, if in the mean while, 'till such time as we can be marry'd, you'll let me take a Slice off the Spit——You understand me.

Col. No——

Pier. Nor I neither.—But what's the Business in Hand?

Col. *Harlequin* says, that you, and the rest of our Companions, are loth to appear here, for fear of the Success.

Pier. *Harlequin* lies; we are all resolv'd to do our best to gain Applause and the Guineas.

Harl. I believe you'll get neither one nor t'other, and be oblig'd to return to *France* with your sheepish Face.

Pier. Pox on ye, you'r always prognosticating ill Luck. Tho' 'twere only for our Tumbling, 'tis odds but——

Harl. Devil take you and your Tumbling; 'tis the very Thing that has made us contemptible.

Col. So here's the Source and Cause of our Grief.
Well,

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Well, I'll take upon me my self to beg the Town to have the Patience to see ye once, and if they are not pleas'd with you, you shall appear no more. But I am very well assur'd, that the Spectators will not repent a Moment's seeing what such ingenious Men can do.

Pier. Well said: And if *Colombine* takes on her the Tumblers, she'll give 'em their Bellyful; for I have often heard say, *One Woman is sufficient for half a dozen Men.*

Col. Well, *Harlequin*, what say you to the Matter?

Harl. I'd yield my self most willingly to your Reasons, if I had only your Interest and my own in View. But who shall warrant me, that these Gentlemen will have the Patience to hear me out the whole Play?

Col. Well, I'll take upon me that Article too.

Pier. But, *Colombine*, if you thus take all the Men belonging to the Company, on your self, you'll carry away all the Gain. Well, egad, if every one agrees to it, I'll take the Women, and put them under — my Protection.

Harl. With all my Heart; but I tell you beforehand, that your Gain will be but very small here by that Merchandize; for I know some of the Sex in *London* who give it for nothing, and yet have not many Chaps: Besides, how will you find them out, if they have not Hoop Petticoats big enough to hide four Chimney-Sweepers at once.

Col. No Matter, we'll conform our selves to the Custom of the Country; as for thee, [to *Harlequin*] I'll go and prevail with these Gentlemen on your Behalf.

Harl. If you go about it, I doubt not the Success; for nothing can withstand a Woman's Sollicitation.

Pier. Egad, he is in the right of it. Come, *Colombine*,

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lombine, begin; it always goes well when a Woman begins, and a Man finishes with a good Air.

Col. Gentlemen. [addressing to the Audience.

Pier. Ladies.

Col. Peace, Fool.

Pier. You speak to the Men, and I to the Women.

Harl. Peace, hold your Tongue; for one Woman's Tongue will out-do fifty Mens.

Pier. But who must speak when she is weary?

Harl. If you stay till that Time, you'll stay long enough; for a Woman's Tongue never fails her.

Col. — Gentlemen, I beg of you to give a little Attention to our Play, to encourage our timorous *Harlequin*. You shall see we will do our best, to gain the Honour of your good Word. We also beg you would please to tell us our Faults, that we may be hereafter more worthy and more capable to appear before Persons of so nice, so clean, and so just a Taste.

Harl. We are now about opening our Theatre, with the *Fair of St. Germain's*, in which (as in all those which we hope to have the Honour of playing before you) we will do our utmost to gain your Approbation: Be assur'd, We will neglect nothing that may contribute to your Entertainment. Convinc'd as we are of the particular Merit of several famous Actors who have had the good Fortune to please the Ladies and Gentlemen of this polite Nation, we can scarcely hope to please in the Habit of *Harlequin*.

Col. Unless you have as much Goodness to pardon our Defects, as you have Understanding to discern them. Assur'd of your Favours, we're now going to give you the Marks of our Respect.

Do you, indulgent, grant some small Applause;

'Tis generous to support the Stranger's Cause:

The Glory of the Act with you remain,

While we content ourselves with — all the Gain.

T H E





T H E
F A I R
O F
St. G E R M A I N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the* F A I R.

Mezzetin, *a* Pudding-pye Man. Harlequin. *The*
Shopkeepers of the Fair.

Shopkeepers. **W**HAT d'ye lack? What
d'ye buy? Fine *Marseilles*
Night-Gowns, curious fine
Holland Shirts; fine *India*
Caps; *Milan* Cheefe, Gentlemen: Pray walk in;
all Sorts of *Italian* Wines, *French* Wine, *Greek*
Wine, *Canary*—

B

Mezzetin,

Mezzetin, [*with a Basket of Pies upon his Head.*]
Hot Pudding-pies, hot Pudding-pies, a Halfpenny
a Piece. What a plaguy Noise these Fellows
make with their Trumpery! I'll divert my self
with mimicking them all in a Song.

*What d'ye buy, what d'ye lack,
French Wine, Florence, or Sack;
Lemonade, Orangeade,
Coffee, Tea, Ratafee.
Strange Monsters and Sights;
We're beginning to rights:
Any Ribbands or Laces,
Fine Combs or Comb-cases:
Come buy all my Ware,
Here's the Choice of the Fair.*

Harlequin. O the insatiable Desire of Man!
I hear them cry all the costly Things in *Paris*,
and itch to be a buying every Thing they cry,
tho' I have but one little Piece of Money to
spend in all, at the Fair.

Mezz. Rare hot Pudding-pies, a Halfpenny
a Piece, a Halfpenny a Piece.

Harl. Begin we with what is most necessary.
That which is most necessary to the Life of
Mortals, is Food. Soho, you Puddings!

A Milliner in her Shop. Fine *Holland* Shirts.

Mezz. [*walking about with his Basket*] A Half-
penny a-piece, a Halfpenny a-piece.

Harl. *Holland* Shirts a Halfpenny a piece!
I have ne'er a Shirt to my Back; this will do
bravely. You, *Holland* Shirts!

[*The Milliner comes and puts him on a Shirt.*]

Another Shopkeeper. Printed Callicoes; curious
fine *India Night-Gowns*.

Mezz. [*still walking about*] A Halfpenny a-piece,
a Halfpenny a-piece.

Harl.

Harl. Night-Gowns a Halfpenny a-piece ! He has stole them, that's certain. You Night-Gown Man ! *[He comes and puts him on a Night-Gown.*

Another Shopkeeper. Marseilles Quilts.

Mezz. A Halfpenny a-piece.

Harl. Again ! why sure they have tax'd every Thing in the Fair at a Halfpenny a-piece, because of the Scarcity of Money. A Quilt here ! *[They give him a Marseilles Quilt ; he lays it across his Arm.]*

Another. Lucca Olives, Milan Cheeses.

Mezz. A Halfpenny a-piece, a Halfpenny a-piece.

Harl. *[in a very joyful Tone]* Milan Cheeses a Halfpenny a-piece ! here's Luck ! You Milan Cheeses ! *[Takes a Cheese.*

Mezz. *[walking by Harlequin.]* Smoaking hot Pudding-pies, piping hot out of the Oven, a Halfpenny a-piece, a Halfpenny a-piece.

Harl. Here, you Pudding-man, let's see your Ware.

Mezz. There, Sir, piping hot you see.

Harl. Do you give thirteen to the Dozen ?

Mezz. Yes, Sir.

Harl. *[taking a Pye]* Well, I'll take the thirteenth now, and buy a Dozen To-morrow.

[Is going to eat it.

Mezz. Hold, hold ; you must pay before you eat.

Harl. Stay a Moment ; let me reckon if I have Money enough for all this, *[he studies]* a Ha'per'th of Shirts, a Ha'per'th of Night-gowns, a Ha'per'th of Marseilles Quilts, a Halfpenny Cheese ; that makes just Twopence : Then I must have one Ha'per'th of Girl, and that will be Twopence Halfpenny. Bless us, how Money runs ! but no matter, I wanted these little Con-

veniencies. Here Friend, [*to Mezzetin*] there's a small Piece of Money for you, and I take three Pyes of you: With the Overplus pay these People. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

[*Goes off, the Shopkeepers fall upon Mezzetin, and beat him off the Stage.*]

S C E N E II.

Colombine, Angelica.

Col. 'Morrow, Madam. What good Wind blows you to the Fair? What Luck had I to meet you!

Ang. Is it you, *Colombine*? What do you do in this Country?

Col. Good troth, Madam, a Woman must have more than one Trade if she'd live honestly. I lend Money to young Heirs that have none: I make those spend it that have: I heal the Breaches of one Family, and make more in another; with a thousand other little Negotiations of this Nature. And pray, Madam, what do you do now-a-days?

Ang. What I always used to do, *Colombine*; still in Love.

Col. Really, I am sorry for you. Love is but an indifferent kind of Diversion to those scrupulous People that know not how to extract the Quintessence of it.

Ang. Alas, *Colombine*, I'm in the greatest Perplexity in the World, I have been like to lose my self in the Fair already.

Col. I hope you'll take care not to lose your self without Company in a publick Place.

Ang. A Woman of Virtue will be found again, I'll warrant you.

Col.

Col. Yes, the Woman may be found, but her Virtue may happen not to be found with her.

Ang. You know my Modesty, *Colombine*.

Col. I knew it formerly ; but Things change daily ; and I believe there's very little of that Merchandize at the Fair, tho' many a one thinks he buys it too.

Ang. I am seeking some Refuge against the ill Usage of my Guardian. You are acquainted with his Humours.

Col. Yea ; we have lived long enough together to be thoroughly acquainted with each other.

Ang. But you know nothing of his being fallen in Love with me.

Col. What! that's since I left you, ha ? Well, there's nothing but Inconstancy in this World, I see.

Ang. He wou'd fain marry me.

Col. A Guardian's marrying his Ward is, indeed, one short Way of making up his Accompts. But if the Guardian is old, he generally finds great Errors in the Reck'ning.

Ang. There is also a shatter-brain'd *Norman* of *Pont-l'Evêque*, one 'Squire *Ninnyhammer*, that is come to *Paris* on purpose to marry, has taken a Fancy to me.

Col. A couple of pretty Prizes really ! a Doctor and a *Norman* !

Ang. Now I like neither of them, and am e-lop'd from my Guardian's House, with an Intention never to go Home 'till I'm marry'd to *Octavio*.

Col. As for the *Norman* Inamorato, we shall play him a Trick or two to send him packing. And as for the Doctor, let his Stomach to you be never so coming, I know a sure Way to turn it. The old Dotard marries you only because he
thinks

thinks you the only virtuous Woman in the World. Let me alone, and in less than an Hour's Time, he shall believe you one of the most suspicious Creatures in the whole Fair.

Ang. He is so prepossess'd in Favour of me, and thinks me so virtuous, that it will be very hard to make him believe otherwise.

Col. Go, go, I'll warrant you; I have made many a Woman pass for virtuous that was not so, and 'tis hard if I can't make one seem not so, that is.

S C E N E III.

Octavio, and a Chairman drunk, to them.

Oct. [*to the Chairman.*] Go about your Business, Friend; you are not in a Condition to carry me.

Chairm. Nay, but Master, a Chairman—— he must carry somebody—— we know what's what, sure!

Oct. (*to Angelica.*) Ah, Madam, I have been seeking you above this Hour; but since I have the Pleasure to see you, my Labour is overpaid.

Chairm. [*thinking Octavio speaks to him.*] My Labour overpaid! Why, what a Plague! I have not had a Farthing yet as I know of.

Ang. You see, *Octavio*, what I do for your Sake. There's *Colombine* will assist us in breaking the Match we so much fear.

Oct. Ah, my dear *Colombine*, how much I shall be oblig'd to you! Command my Purse, spare for no Money. What shall I give you?

Col. O, Sir!——

Chairm. To be sure, Sir, you can't give less than a Crown for the Principal, and a Full-Pot for Interest.

Oct.

O^{ff}. [to Angelica.] You promise me then, charming *Angelica*, that you will always continue in the same Resolution, and never change?

Chairm. Change! Change! Why, Sir, if you want Change I must get Change, I think. These Officers have never any Change. I know the Reason well enough.

Col. Ah, Madam, here comes your Guardian, let us just step in here, and then we'll consider what's proper to be done.

[*They go out, the Chairman remains.*]

S C E N E IV.

Pierrot with Bills and a Pasting-Stick, Doctor, and Chairman.

Pier. Let me alone, I tell you, I'll find you, *Angelica*, I'll warrant you.

Chairm. [to the Doctor, thinking 'tis Octavio] Come, Sir, pray let us dispatch, I can't wait here all Day; I am hot, and shall catch cold.

Doct. What would'st have, Fellow?

Chairm. [staring at him.] Ah, the Dickens, what a Fool have I been! I thought I was talking to an Officer, and 'tis nothing but a Cit. I must go into the Tone for Cits. [In a bullying Tone] Come, come, my Money——

Doct. Money! for what?

Chairm. For what? A pretty Question, faith! Why, for carrying you in my Chair.

Pier. Sirrah, when did you ever see the Doctor in the Chair?

Chairm. Come, come, no Words——Or I shall take my Pole to you.

Pier. How, Rogue! Lift your Hand against the Doctor!——

Chairm-

Chairm. Oons, don't tell me of your Doctors ; I'll not be doctor'd out of my Money. [*Goes to beat them ; the Doctor and Pierrot drive him out.*]

Pier. [*having driven away the Chairman*] To conclude then, I tell you once more, Sir, that I'll find you *Angelica* again, tho' she were in the *Indies*, in *Ponotapa*.

Doct. Heavens, to lose a poor Girl that loves me so tenderly !

Pier. How old was she this Morning when you lost her ?

Doct. Two and twenty.

Pier. 'Tis your own Fault.

Doct. What ?

Pier. All your own Fault, I tell you. Girls must now a-days be held by the Leading-strings 'till thirty. Nay, and after that you have much ado to keep them from making a Slip now and then.

Doct. Ah, *Pierrot*, to lose her just as I was going to marry her ! Was not that hard !

Pier. Never trouble your self, I tell you. I'll find her again, I tell you ; nay, and perhaps find her double what she was when you lost her.

Doct. Double ! what do you mean ?

Pier. Ay, Sir, and perhaps tripple. I had once a poor Bitch that I lost ; six Weeks afterwards I found her again with three little Puppies in her Belly.

Doct. The three Puppies are too much in all Conscience. I wou'd be content to find *Angelica* just as I lost her.

Pier. This is only to show you what a lucky Hand I have at recovering of Things. Look you, Sir, here are four thousand Bills ready printed.

Doct. Stick 'em up every where, pray now.

Pier.

Pier. Let me alone, I'll stick up enow of them, I'll warrant you, in the Coffee-Houses, Taverns, and all other Houses of civil Reception. Shall I read the Bill to you? 'Tis a small Piece of Wit, that I produc'd while I was picking my Teeth.

[Reads the Bill.]

A lost Woman, Thirty Pistoles for finding her.

Lost between Hawk and Buzzard, between the Park and the Play, a Woman between young and old, that was between tall and short, her Hair between fair and brown, her Eye between soft and sprightly. Whoever finds her, must put her between two Doors, and give Notice to Master Doctor, who may be found between a Farrier and a Physician. Dated at Paris, between two Stools, by Pierrot, between drunk and sober.

Doct. Here's a *Betweening*, indeed!

Pier. While I'm in this Vein of Advertising, what if I advertis'd your Wits, Sir? We might e'en kill two Birds with one Stone.

Doct. What do you mean by advertising my Wits?

Pier. Why certainly, Sir, you must have lost them, or a Man of your Years would never think of marrying a Girl of hers, that you see will slip thro' your Fingers like an Eel.

Doct. *[giving him a Box on the Ear]* There, Sirrah, there's what I have lost, and you have found.

Pier. I'll have none of another Man's Goods, not I; since I have found it, I'll honestly return it you.

[Offers to give him a Box o' the Ear, misses him, and runs away.]

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SCENE

S C E N E V.

Colombine, Doctor.

Col. O, Sir, are you here! You are welcome to the Fair.

Doct. I'm almost out of my Wits, *Colombine*; I'm just upon the Point of Marriage.

Col. A fatal Point, indeed! I know many a young Rogue of a Lover, that waits only for that Moment, to receive the Reward of his past Services.

Doct. What do I hear! Ah, *Colombine*, I only wish I had some Proofs of her Infidelity to cure me of the Love I have for the ungrateful Hussy.

Col. Go, and stay for me at the first Turning, and it shall be done in a Moment.

Doct. [*going out*] Ah! Traiteurs! Traiteurs!

Col. [*alone.*] The Good Man swallows down the Pill as I'd have him. Now will I carry *Angelica* into all the suspicious Places in the Fair; I have already concerted my Measures with every Body. But who have we here?

S C E N E VI.

Harlequin, Colombine.

Harl. A Halfpenny a-piece, a Halfpenny a-piece! Do but see how little Honesty and Fair-dealing there is in Trade, — — to demand their Goods again of me, when they had sold them me for a Halfpenny a-piece! A pack of unconscionable Rogues! [*perceives Colombine*] What have we here, more Goods at a Halfpenny a-piece?
[walks]

[walks by her, and views her] this is some She-Adventurer, I suppose. Pray, Madam, may not you be one of those tame Night-Birds, that look languishingly upon the Citizens, and ask them to take a Pint?

Col. Really, Sir, you do me more Honour than I deserve. But pray now mayn't you be one of those valourous Knights, that being disinherited by Fortune, find their Estates in the Purses of Passengers?

Harl. I vow Madam, your Compliments put me to the Blush; I am a poor Gentleman, that have lately quitted the Service, to look for some Employment here in the Fair.

Col. Pray, may I presume to ask you how long you have been in the Service?

Harl. Ten Years.

Col. In *Flanders*, or in *Germany*?

Harl. At *Paris*. I was three Years *Cuirassier* of the Watch, after having serv'd as a *Voluntier* in the * *Rainbow* Regiment.

Col. I never heard of that Regiment before.

Harl. And yet 'tis one of the greatest Regiments in the Kingdom. The Soldiers are sometimes Foot and sometimes Horse, and are dress'd in Green, Red, Yellow, just as the Captain fancies.

Col. I begin to have some small Notion of your Regiment.

Harl. I can assure you, 'tis a Militia that is of very great Service to the State, and we out-strip e'er a Regiment in the Kingdom. We often come to be very considerable Officers; and I know

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* Alluding to the various-colour'd Liveries worn by Footmen.

a certain Commissioner that never perform'd his Exercises in any other Body.

Col. I'm overjoy'd, Sir, to meet with a Gentleman that has study'd in so flourishing an Academy. No doubt, you are a perfect Master in the Exercise of the Flambeau?

Harl. I have had the Honour to light the Lady of a Gentleman of the Robe, that of a Notary, and the House-Keeper of an Abbé.

Col. The House-Keeper of an Abbé! A very comical Employment, truly. Pray, what Business had an Abbé for a House-Keeper?

Harl. Oh, she took Care of his Goods; she made him Jellies, warm'd his Bed, and every Night curl'd up his Hair.

Col. It can be no great Trouble to curl such short Hair as they wear commonly.

Harl. Indeed you're mistaken. I had rather dress ten Ladies, than put one Abbé's Head into Papers.

Col. You're in the right after all; there's more fiddling about those Gentlemen than about a Woman.

Harl. For my Part, I have no manner of Cause to complain of the Women. They are a very good Sort of People, I think. Folks may rail at them as much as they please; but, really, I must needs say, the Women are a little less impudent than the Men.

Col. At least one may say in their Defence, that they are more expos'd to Danger. Let a Woman have but ever so little Life, and you shall have a *Whiner*, or two, giving her Chace immediately. She, for once, makes a Shift to avoid the dangerous Rock of Presents, she works out one Storm or two; but then comes some violent Hurricane of Tears and Sighs, the Lover crowds all his Sail, he doubles

doubles the Cape of *Good-Hope* ; the Woman makes what Way she can to save herself, strikes against a Rock, the Vessel turns Keel upward, and at such a Pinch poor Honour has much ado to save itself by Swimming.

Harl. And yet Honour is so small and so light now-a-Days, that one wou'd think it wou'd swim like Cork.

Col. Pray now, had your Gentleman of the Robe's Lady an Honour that cou'd swim well?

Harl. It wou'd dive now and then a little; but else she was a brave Woman, i'faith: She drew the Extracts of all the Cases that were referr'd to her Husband: She had never study'd, and yet (wou'd one think it) was a better Scholar than himself.

Col. And your Notary's Wife? Cou'd not she shuffle upon Occasion, as well as her Husband.

Harl. Oh, one shou'd never speak ill of People whose Bread one has eaten! I shall only say, that if a Minute had been taken in the Study, of every Thing that pass'd Above-stairs, there must have been above twenty Clerks to dispatch the Business; and, to tell you the Truth, I believe there were hardly so many Acts past before my Master as before my Mistress.

Col. You mean, your Master never was without a Deputy, to do the Business he could not dispatch himself.

Harl. Right,

Col. For my Part, I never was in any Place, but I saw so much to put me into the Spleen, that I have 'een turned myself to selling of Limonade here, to refresh my Conscience.

Harl. Your Conscience is not as brittle as your Glasses I hope. I too, for the Repose of mine, lie here to pick up a little Money among the gaping Cockneys. I am the Master of *the Mouth of Truth*,
of

of the *Show of Tarquin and Lucretia*, of the *Signs of the Zodiac*, of the *Seraglio of the Emperor of Cape Verde*, and other little pretty profitable Fooleries of that Nature.

Col. What are you he that —

Harl. Yes, I am he.

Col. Fifty Pistoles then are dropping upon you unawares, if you will but join with us in cheating an old Doctor, by shewing him his Mistress at all your Booths, and driving back a Country Booby to *Pont l' Eveque*.

Harl. Why, d'you think then, that I am govern'd by Interest? Alas, No; I can refuse you nothing — for fifty Pistoles.

Col I'll go send the Doctor to your *Mouth of Truth*, and then tell you what you are to do.

Harl. Be quick then, and I'll go open my Show; Sobo within there.

SCENE VII.

The Scene draws, and discovers the Mouth of Truth, which is a Bust placed upon a Table; at which sits a Woman.

Harl. Behold the Wonder of the curious World! Whatever Doubts perplex your anxious Mind, Here you may see resolv'd, if you have Eyes, Here you may hear explain'd, if you have Ears, And Sixpence in your Purse — O Head renowned!

Production of this Pate, and Hand! Thou still, Whilst Cockneys run to Shows, shalt fill this Belly.

'Tis true, you are but Wood and painted Pastebord,

Devoid of Reason, Wit, or common Sense,

yet

Yet Oracles shall issue from your Mouth :
 Nor need we think it strange, we've often seen
 The Fate of listning Multitudes depend
 On solemn Councils, and on grave Assemblies
 Of Heads as empty, and as thick as thine.

The Woman sings.

*Flock about us Small and Great.
 How sweet it is to learn one's Fate !
 In Hymen's ticklish State alone,
 The fatal Secret's best unknown.*

Enter Doctor.

Doct. A Gentlewoman, nam'd *Colombine*, told me
 Sir, that I might here learn News of a stray Vir-
 gin that I have advertised.

Harl. [*Viewing the Doctor from Head to Foot*]
 This must be the Doctor she told me of; I'll ban-
 ter him. Why do you give your self the Trou-
 ble to look for a Virgin; and what will you do
 with her when you have found her?

Doct. What will I do with her? Marry her.

Harl. [*Sneering in the Doctor's Face*] You mar-
 ry her! and, pray, what Profession are you of Mr.
 Marryer?

Doct. I am a Doctor, Sir, at your Service.

Harl. *Benè.* A very convenient Profession for
 a Wife. And how old?

Doct. I am now in my threescore and tenth
 Year.

Harl. *Optimè.* A good slippery Year, and may
 chance to break your Neck. And what Age may
 the Virgin be of, pray?

Doct. Twenty, or thereabouts.

Harl.

Harl. You are much in the right, indeed. He that has no Teeth can't chuse his Meat too tender.

Doct. I would fain know, Sir, by Means of your Oracle, what Fortune I shall have in Marriage?

Harl. You mean, you would know whether your loving Spouse will not insert your Name in the Catalogue of which *Vulcan* stands at the Head.

Doct. True, that's what I want.

Harl. You act wisely. 'Tis better to be inform'd of that Matter before-hand than afterwards. You must go to the Mouth of Truth, and try on the Cap.

Doct. What Cap? What do you mean?

Harl. [*Taking the Cap off the Table*] Here is a Cap for you, that was never mistaken in its Life; if it changes its Shape upon your Head, you may depend upon it, you'll have one of the Head-dresses so much in Fashion.

Doct. Oh, put it on, put it on, I don't fear it. *Harlequin puts the Cap upon his Head, and it immediately changes into a Pair of Horns; upon which the Woman sings,*

*Be proud to see thy Turbant wear
Those Arms the greatest Turks revere.
In every Nation
They're in Fashion,
And many a Beau in Grizzle Wig,
Hides Horns as branching and as big.*

The Doctor takes a little Looking-glass, which is upon the Table, looks at himself in it, flings the Cap upon the Ground, and goes off in a Rage.

Enter

Enter Colombine, like a Girl.

Col. Curiosity, Sir, wou'd long since have brought me hither, had not Fear held me back.

Harl. Curiosity would make a Girl do a great many Things, if Fear did not hold her back; but the Bridle is not always strong enough.

Col. I don't think there's any Body in the World more timorous than I am. I am afraid to stay any where alone, and a'nights am so 'fraid of Spirits, that I'm forc'd to lye with my Mother.

Harl. If you were once acquainted with certain palpable Spirits, you'd ever afterwards be less afraid of them than of your Mother: But since you are so timorous and shamefac'd, I find I must guess what brings you hither. You wou'd know how long your Beauty will last?

Col. No, Sir; for surely that will last as long as my Youth.

Harl. Ay, but Women now a Days stretch Youth a little too far; and some by their own Reckoning are younger than their Daughters.

Col. I know that to be true; for I have an old Aunt that will always put her self off for my Sister, and but to'her Day broke her Looking-glass, saying in a Rage, that it was full of Wrinkles, and that they don't make so good now-a-Days, as they ~~did~~ formerly.

Harl. Have but a little Patience, and I intend shortly to set up a Glass-House on Purpose for old Women.

Col. Now I, for my Part, think this Folly so very ridiculous, that I'm resolv'd to quit all Pretensions to Youth at twenty Yearsold.

Harl. Ay, you'll reckon right till you are Eighteen; but you will be a devilish While in

D

your

your nineteenth Year. I find, then, it is not the Care either of your Youth or Beauty that brings you hither.

Col. Neither.

Harl. I wonder at it; for Women generally have no Care besides. Perhaps you want to know how many Lovers you shall have?

Col. Lovers? What Things are Lovers?

Harl. Why, a Lover is a Kind of submissive Animal, that insinuates himself into the Favour of you young Women like a Spaniel, bites you like a Mastiff, and then flies from you like a Grey-Hound.

Col. If those are what you call Lovers, I have enow of them: Among others, I have a remote Sort of a Cousin, that is always following me, kissing my Hands whenever he can catch 'em, and telling me that he shall kill himself if I don't consent to love him.

Harl. The Spaniel that; have a Care he don't grow to be a Mastiff; for I'm very much deceiv'd if that Cousin has not a great Mind to be more nearly related to you.

Col. I'm acquainted too with a young Gentleman that goes every Year to the Army, and is eternally making me some little Present.

Harl. That's the Grey-Hound; look to your Hits.

Col. He brought me these Headcloths and Ruffles out of *Flanders*.

Harl. Headcloths and Ruffles! When a Woman's Head and Arms are secur'd, she'll make but a poor Defence, I can tell you that.

Col. Now I would fain know if — but — is there no Body will over-hear us?

Harl. No, no, speak boldly.

Col.

Scar. No, no, Sir; I have an Asthma that choaks me.

Harl. Does it choak you; you'll soon be freed from it then.

Scar. And I would know whether my Wife, who is but eighteen Years old, and sound of Body, will die before me.

Harl. If she means to die before you, she must make good Haste, I can tell her.

Scar. But my Distemper proceeds from Melancholy;—my Wife promis'd to make me merry.

Harl. How can a young Wife be merry with an old Phthysical Husband?

Scar. She sings, she dances, she plays on the Guitarre;—but the Mischief of it is, she plays so well that there's no hearing her without Dancing; and I can't dance but I die for Want of Breath—Ah, Sir, see she pursues me even hither.

Enter Angelica with a Guitarre, singing and dancing; Harlequin dances with her.

Harl. [*having done dancing*] Sure this is the Wife of Orpheus, she puts every Thing into Motion. Pray, Madam, is old Nick in you, to make a poor old Phthysical Man dance as you do?

Ang. I have my Reason for what I do; by the Marriage-Contract my Husband gave me a thousand Pistoles, to be paid after his Death: Since our Marriage he has promis'd to give me a thousand more, if I can cure him of his Asthmatick Melancholy. I want Money, and dance he must, or die, which he pleases. Come dance, dance. [*sings*] La, la, la.

Harl. [*to Scaramouche*] She's in the right. Why did you promise her a thousand Pistoles? You must dance.

Ang.

*Ang. [Sings.] Let a Husband's Disease
Be whatever you please,
Palsy, Dropsy, or Phthisick,
Gout, or over-much Physick.
Tire lire, lira, liron, fa, fa, fa,
Tire lire, lira, liron, fa.
If his Wife says Dance, John,
His Resistance is vain,
The poor Wretch must dance on,
Till kind Death breaks his Chain.
Tire, lire, lira, &c.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Colombine, Doctor.

Col. ONE would think, Sir, your Heat for Marriage should be a little cool'd by this Time.

Doct. Why, indeed, what I have seen does not enflame it very much.

Col. Sincerely, you have but poor Luck in your Consultations, for that devilish Cap took a strange Figure upon your Head.

Doct. I was as much amaz'd, as if I had really found Horns growing there.

Col. 'Twas much the same Thing, I think.

Doct. That the Forehead of a Doctor should be subject to such Accidents !

Col. Greater Scholars than you, have the same Chance every Day.

Doct. I find Women are a dissembling Herd of Cattle.

Col. A-

Col. Agreed. But they are not so much in the wrong neither. Wou'd you have a young Girl bury her self alive with an old Man, that is Receiver-General of all the Defluxions and Rheumatisms that breed in the whole City ?

Doct. Not so neither, yet a while.

Col. No, but you will be shortly ; and 'tis very fortunate that *Angelica* proves a Jilt, to save you from giving your Love the finishing Ceremony.

Doct. However, *Colombine*, let us keep these Things to our selves. Don't let us cry her down. There is a *Norman* has ask'd her of me in Marriage. If my Love of *Angelica* goes off, I'll make a Friend with her.

Col. Let us first show you *Angelica* in her true Colours, and then you may do what you please.

Doct. Go ; I follow you,

Col. [*Aside.*] I find one may lead this Fellow by the Nose like a Bear.

S C E N E II.

Leander like a Marquis, Octavio like a Chevalier, Harlequin like a fantastick Lady, Scaramouche like a Shopkeeper holding a Piece of Silk, and a Lacquey. All coming out of a Gaming-House.

Marq. No, Chevalier, you shan't pay a Farthing ; my Purse must do it this Time.

Chev. I tell you, *Marquis*, I will absolutely pay ; for such is my Pleasure.

Harl. No, Gentlemen, if you please, neither of you shall pay ; you shan't ruin your selves in my Company.

Marq. The Opportunity of the Fair gives Authority to this small Present.

Harl. No,

Harl. No, I tell you, I will have none of your Silk. *Cascaret*, carry this to my Taylor, and bid him make me a Wrapper of it, and trim it with flame-colour'd Ribbands. [*Turning to the Chev. and Marq.*] No, Gentlemen, I never accept of any Thing from Men.

Chev. But, Madam, this is a mere Trifle.

Marq. Indeed, Madam, you can't refuse this small Offering, after so many Obligations which——

Harl. Nay, good Sir——

Chev. I must be the greatest of Rascals, if I did not give this Lady Proofs of my Gratitude upon all Occasions.

Harl. Oh, *Monsieur le Chevalier* is too generous.

Marq. Nay, if you talk of Obligations, no Body can be more oblig'd to the Lady than I am: I perfectly subsist upon her, and whenever I come Home from the Army, her House is my Inn.

Harl. The Inn is but an indifferent one, *Monsieur le Marquis*; but the Hostess is very much your humble Servant.

Chev. I must be the last of Scoundrels, if I forgot the Sale the Lady has lately made of an Estate, to remount my Troop, and furnish it with Buffcoats and Cockades.

Harl. Nay, fye, *Chevalier*——

Marq. Presents are not what I'm most affected with. The Lady has done me the Honour to spend eight Days with me at my Country-House, where, I thank my Stars, I had no manner of Cause to complain of my hard Fortune.

Harl. *Monsieur le Marquis* is always very obliging.

Chev. Fa-

Chev. Favours in the Country are Things of Chance ; but a private Meeting in——

Harl. Silence, you Toad you,—— I abhor People that tell.

Marq. *Chevalier*, you may say what you please, but I will most certainly pay.

Chev. You may take it how you please, *Marquis*, but I shall make bold to lay down the Money.

Shopk. Decide that how you please between you ; I don't care who pays, not I, so I am but paid.

Marq. True.

Chev. You say right, Friend.

Marq. [*searching his Pockets*] And to show you that I absolutely mean to pay——prithee, *Chevalier*, lend me ten *Louis d'Ors*.

Chev. [*routing in his Pockets*] Ten *Louis d'Ors* ? Egad I'd lend them you with all my Heart, but hang me if I have a Sous.

Marq. Nor I neither, the Devil fetch me.

Harl. I thought how 'twou'd be.

Shopk. 'Twas hardly worth while to dispute so long which should pay.

Harl. I must needs own, you Courtiers do every Thing in a Manner much more noble than other People.

Chev. [*to the Shopk.*] Don't be uneasy, Friend, I'll but just run Home to fetch Money, and be with you again in a Moment.

Marq. No, 'faith *Chevalier*, if you pay a Groat you must expect to hear from me. The Agent of our Regiment lives but two Steps off, I'll fly to him——

[*both go out.*]

Harl. [*making the Shopk. a very low Courtesy*] Sir, I am your most obedient humble Servant, and wish you a Good-Morrow.

E

Shopk.

Shopk. [*Stopping her*] Soft, if you please, Madam, you have my Silk, and I don't mean to let you go 'till you have paid me for it.

Harl. Uncivil Brute! Surely the Fellow means to be impudent!

Shopk. No, no, Madam; but I mean to have my Money.

Harl. Your Money! What an ill-bred Rascal this is! To ask a Woman of Quality for Money! Fie! Plague choak me if I have a Penny!

Shopk. Give me something in Pawn then.

Harl. In Pawn! in Pawn! Do Women of my Fashion use to put Things in Pawn! However, Friend, there's my Necklace for you.

[*Takes off her Necklace, and gives it him.*]

Shopk. Your Necklace, Madam! I'll have none of it, 'tis nothing but Glafs.

Harl. Nothing but Glafs, I'd have you to know 'tis—— 'tis such as Women of Quality wear. Was there ever such an impertinent Puppy?

Shopk. Come, Madam, I can't stay all Day; will you pay me or no?

Harl. [*gives him her Scarf, Muff, Gown, Petticoat, and remains in her Stays and Under-Petticoat*] Gallantry is but in a beggarly Condition now-a-days, that's certain. Hey, Lacquey, hold up my Tail.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Colombine, Mezzetin like 'Squire Ninnyhammer,
Pierrot like a Country Looby, a Rogue steals away
Ninnyhammer's Sword, and slips off.

Col. Pray, Sir, are not you 'Squire Ninnyhammer of Pont-l'Eveque?

Mez. Yes, Sweet-heart.

Col. And

Col. And you come to the Fair to look for Mrs. *Angelica*?

Mez. The same.

Col. If you'll step into my Booth you shall see her.

Mez. Into your Booth! [*aside*] the Jade wants to draw me in I find. [*aloud*] No, thank you, Mistress, I don't love to be alone with Women.

Col. Never fear, 'Squire; tho' you are young and handsome, I'll assure you I'm not at all tempted with your Person.

Mez. Ay, bite him there an' you can! No, no; I know how easily a young Man is debauch'd.

Col. Deuce take the Booby! Well, since you won't come in, I'll go tell Mrs. *Angelica* that you are here: Your servant, good 'Squire *Ninnyhammer of Pont-l'Eveque*. [*Goes in, Mezz. remains with Pierrot.*]

Mez. I was advis'd to take Care of my self when I came to *Paris*. How fond the Women are here of our Country Folk? But let them come, I'll give them as good as they bring, I'll warrant you. Boy——

Pier. Master.

Mez. Sirrah, don't let Woman nor Girl come a-near me, do you hear.

Pier. If any of them come, I'll tell them you are bespoke already.

Mez. [*searching his Pockets*] God forgive me, I believe some Body has stole my Sword! Didst thou see no Body nibbling about me?

Pier. Yes, Sir, I saw a fine handsome Gentleman, dress'd in Red, that took Knife, Sheath, and all: I thought he'd have put it on again, but he han't put it on again yet.

Mez. What! Sirrah, Why did you not tell me of it?

Pier. He wink'd at me to say nothing, and slid it away so cleverly, that 'twould have made one die with Laughing to see the comical Dog.

Mez. I'll deduct it out of your Wages, depend upon it.

Pier. I thought 'twas the Way of the Fair, for my Part; and I saw it done to three or four People, that did not say a Word.

Mez. Boobily Blockhead!

Pier. I waun't oblig'd to know so much, not I. Do you think every Body can have so much Wit as your self?

Mez. Pray go look for the Man in the Fair, will you; and bid him bring me my Sword again; for I want it. [Exit Pierrot.]

S C E N E IV.

Harlequin and Mezzetin.

Harl. Here's our Country-man, I'll accost him. Your Servant, Sir.

Mez. [*Aside, trembling, and drawing back*] I don't like the Look of that Fellow; — Boy!

Harl. This is the first Man that ever I frighten'd.

Mez. Pray, Sir, did not you take my Sword?

Harl. How, Sir! What do you take me for? Blood and Thunder, I have a good Mind to cut your Ears off.

Mez. Cut my Ears off! Pray have a Care what you say: I'd have you to know, I'm a going to wear a Sword too, and came to *Paris* on Purpose to buy

buy a Place in the Army: Do you know of any odd Regiment to be fold.

Harl. [*Aside*] A pretty Fellow, 'faith, to buy a Regiment! [*Aloud*] What do you mean, pray, by an odd Regiment?

Mez. Why any old Second-hand Regiment, that's almost worn out, and that wou'd come for little or nothing.

Harl. You must enquire among the Brokers in *Monmouth-Street*. And what Name wou'd you have your Regiment go by?

Mez. My own, to be sure.

Harl. And what's your Name?

Mez. *Christopher Ninnyhammer*, at your Service.

Harl. A brave warlike-sounding Name, indeed! and if all the Ninnyhammers in *Paris* list themselves in your Regiment, it will soon be full.

Mez. Ay, I hope so.

Harl. When ever you want Recruits, your only Way will be to beat up in the *Thuilleries* in *Summer Time*.

Mez. Why in the *Thuilleries*?

Harl. Because, in the *Dog-Days*, that's the Resort of the pretty'st Heroes in the whole Kingdom. About Sun-set, you shall see on one Hand a pretty *Summer Foplin* walk boldly in the Field of Battel, commonly call'd, *The Great Alley*, braving the unwholsome Dew, and cover'd o'er with noble honourable Dust: On the other, you shall see a great Lownger insulting the Chestnut-Trees with his keen Penknife, reviewing a Regiment of Coquets, and burning with a Martial Heat to come to an Engagement with some pliant Nymph whom he challenges into the Grove.

Mez. Ay, these are such Soldiers as I cou'd wish for. But before I list this Regiment, I shou'd be glad to list a certain Lady in Marriage.

Harl.

Harl. Have a Care she does not list you among the Cuckolds.

Mez. No, no, Boy; I'm safe enough on that Side, never fear. She's as virtuous — a sweet Fubs, 'faith, — her Name's *Angelica*: They say she's come to the Fair, and I'm looking for her.

Harl. [*Aside*] You'll hardly find her, I believe. [*Aloud*] What, Sir! is the Lady you look for, and are to marry, *Angelica*, the Doctor's Neice?

Mez. Aye, Sir; Why, do you know her?

Harl. O! Sir, let me embrace you. She's the best Friend I have. She has spoke to me of you above a hundred Times, and is now impatiently expecting you. She's but half a Stone's Throw off. I'll go tell her you want her. Your Servant, *Mr. Christopher Nimmyhammer of Pont l'Eveque.*

[*Harlequin, as he goes out, makes a Sign to Scaramouche, who appears at the farther End of the Stage, dress'd like a Sharper; and after having whisper'd him in the Ear, goes out.*]

Mez. Od, at first, I took this Man for a Rogue; but I find he's a good honest Sort of a Fellow. But, who comes here, trow?

SCENE V.

Scaramouche and Mezzetin.

Scar. [*In a red Cloak, telling over Money*] Five and Four make Nine, and Twenty, make Nine and Twenty; Two Snuff Boxes worth Ten more, make Nine and Thirty; a Watch of Five and Twenty: In all, comes to about Threescore and Four or Five Pistoles,

Mez.

Mez. [*Over-hearing him*] Pray, Sir, what may you be a reck'ning of?

Scar. Oh! nothing, nothing; only Threescore and Ten Pistoles, that I won in the Gaming-Room here.

Mez. The Deuce! Threescore and Ten Pistoles! rare Gaming!

Scar. Rare! Why, if I had a Mind to it, I cou'd win Ten Thousand; but I use a Conscience, I content my self with a Little.

Mez. Why, do you use any Conscience in Gaming, then?

Scar. Oh! aye, Sir, when one is sure of Winning.

Mez. Why, are you always sure of Winning, then? How so, pray?

Scar. [*Looking about him*] Why, to tell you a Secret, I'm a Sharper. I always carry loaded Dice about me, and throw Doublets and Sixes when ever I please.

Mez. A charming Art, that! You're a happy Man! Doublets when ever you please!

Enter Harlequin with his Nose in a red Cloak.

Harl. I'll quickly dispatch Monsieur *de Pont l'Eveque*, I'll warrant him. [*To Scaramouche*] Oh! I'm glad to find you, Mr. *Bubble-Boy*. I have been looking you; you cheated me of all my Money; but I've fetch'd a hundred Pistoles more. Come, my Revenge, or we must cut one another's Throats.

Scar. [*Laying his Hand upon his Sword*] Oons, Mr. *Trickwel*, you talk big, but ———

Mez. [*Interposing*] Pray Gentlemen be pacify'd. [*To Harlequin*] What, Sir, has he won much Money of you at Dice?

Harl.

Harl. He's a Sharper, Sir, and has not won it, but trick'd me out of it; and I mean to make him either return me my Money, or play with me again.

Mez. And how much have you to lose?

Harl. A hundred Pistoles here! [*Shews the Purse.*]

Mez. Well, I'll talk to him, and try to make him give you Satisfaction. [*To Scaramouche*] Come, Sir, he has a hundred Pistoles more, e'en win 'em of him.

Scar. No, no, Sir; I can't have the Conscience to do it.

Mez. What a Pox, then play for me; I have no Conscience, not I, I'm a *Norman*.

Scar. Do you speak seriously?

Mez. Why, I tell you, I beseech you to do it. But pray now pull out your loaded Dice, and sweep all.

Scar. Let me alone. [*To Harlequin*] Well, Mr. *Trickwel*, call for a Table.

Harl. Soho, within there, bring out a Table and Dice.

Mez. Come, quick, quick. [*To Harlequin*] If it had not been for me, Sir, he wou'd not have play'd.

Harl. I'm oblig'd to you, Sir; for I was resolv'd he shou'd draw his Sword else; so that you have sav'd me a Duel.

Harl. [*Taking the Box, and shaking the Dice*] Come, Sir, set me.

[*A Table and Dice brought out.*]

Scaramouche sits down at one End of it, Harlequin at the other, and Mezzetin stands in the Middle.

Scar.

Scar. [*Takes Ninnyhammer's Purse, and tells twenty Louis d'ors out of it*] I set you twenty Louis d'ors.

Harl. At them. [*Throws*] Mine.

Scar. [*Takes out as many more*] I set you as many more.

Harl. At them. Mine.

Mez. [*Aside to Scaramouche, half in a Passion*] Why, Sir, what are you a doing?

Scar. Oh! let me alone; 'tis only to draw him in. [*To Harl.*] I set you the rest of the Purse.

Harl. At them. Mine.

Mez. [*Aside to Scaramouche, almost crying*] Why, Sir, your loaded Dice don't cog at all! and there's my Mony gone. Where are the Doublets of Sixes?

Scar. Never trouble your self, you shall see me take the Dice in Hand: Have you no more Money about you?

Mez. Yes, I have three Louis d'Ors more here.

Harl. [*Rising to be gone*] Well, Gentlemen, since you have no more Money ———

Mez. Hold, Sir, we have three Louis d'Ors more.

Harl. A fine Catch, indeed! but come, I'm a fair Gamester; I set you those three Louis d'Ors.

Scar. At them. Doublets of Sixes. Mine.

Mez. [*Laughing and jumping about*] Doublets of Sixes! we've won! we've won! ah! [*to Scaramouche*] these were the loaded Dice, weren't they?

Scar. Yes. You shall have brave Sport now.

Mez. [*To Harlequin*] Come, Sir, set us boldly, now we've got our loaded Dice!

Harl. I set you these six Louis d'Ors.

Scar. At 'em Mine.

Mez. [*Laughing immoderately*] Doublets of Sixes ! nothing but Doublets of Sixes ! [*embraces Scaramouche*] Ah ! you dear little Rogue you.

Harl. I set you twelve *Louis d'Ors*.

Scar. At them.

Harl. Mine. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Mezz. [*Stopping him*] Stay, Sir, stay. [*To Scaramouche, crying*] But, Sir, what do your loaded Dice mean, they sweep nothing but small Parcels ?

Scar. Oh ! we must let him win now and then, to draw him in, you know. He is not gone yet. See if you have nothing else about you.

Mezz. Here's a Watch of twelve *Louis d'Ors*, and a Diamond Ring of fifty. [*To Harlequin*] Come, Sir, at my Diamond and my Watch ; they are very well worth sixty *Louis d'Ors*.

Harl. I never play for Toys, — but for your Sake, — I set you sixty Pistoles.

Scar. At your sixty Pistoles.

Harl. Mine. [*Takes the Watch and Ring, and rises.*

Mezz. [*Stopping him and crying*] But, Sir, heark-you-me a little, I have ———

Harl. I'll hear nothing. The Place is free. I'll play no more. Your Servant. [*Exit.*

Mezz. [*To Scaramouche, crying heartily*] You have ruin'd me, Sir, with your loaded Dice. I have neither Money, nor Watch, nor Ring. What shall I do ! what shall I do !

[*Finding no Body answers him, he goes nearer, and perceives that Scaramouche is gone, and has left nothing but his Cloak upon the Chair. Mezzetin crys, Thieves, Thieves ; then takes the Cloak, and says*]

Mezz.

Mezz. They have cheated me of my Money, my Watch, and my Ring. — I-cad, they shall never have their Cloak again, as long as they breathe. The Devil take the Fair, the City, and all the Sharpers in it. I will go Home into my own Country, and never set Foot into this damn'd Place again. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Harleq. laughing and hooting after Mezzetin.

Harl. Let him go, let him go; 'tis 'Squire *Christopher Ninnyhammer* of *Pont l'Eveque*, going Home again. Ha, ha, ha. A rare Blockhead, a rare Blockhead! I must needs say, that to a Man of Wit, who is somewhat Master of the Art of Sharping, this *Paris* is a perfect *Peru* of Treasure: But of all the Trades here practis'd, a Love-Broker is the most useful; and here's my Argument for it: Some Trades, as Perriwig-makers, Sword-cutlers, Armourers, Hatters, are serviceable to the Men only; and others deal wholly with the Women; but in this honourable Profession, we take of both Hands, and are necessary to all. They say one half of the People of this round Machine, bubbles the other half: If then there were a Law, that all that follow my Employment shou'd be dress'd as I am, bless me, how the Streets wou'd be crowded with *Harlequins*!

Enter Pierrot.

Pier. Sir, they stay for you, the Booth's full.

Harl. Begin then; I'll make ready to play my Part.

Scene draw, and discovers a magnificent Palace.

The Doctor, and a great many others, come in, and place themselves to see the Show.

Doct. *[To Pierrot]* What are we to see now?

Fier. We shall present you with the Tragedy of *Tarquin* and *Lucretia*. Silence: We begin.

Lucretia, at her Toilet ; Mezzetin, for Tarquin's
'Squire; Harlequin, for Tarquin.

Lucret. [*Alone*]

What base Report is this that wounds my Glory!
Shall I give Credit to th' injurious Rumour?
Dares Tarquin, in Contempt of all that's Sacred,
Feed in his canker'd Breast such guilty Thoughts?
Why, O ye Gods, did you these Charms bestow
On me, who will not put them to their Use?
On me, who will not throw out smiling Glances,
To bind each Day a Lover to my Chariot?
On me, who am not like those free Ccquets,
That turn the Penny with their secret Favours,
And sell for Coin the Presents of the Gods?
But why, presumptuous, shou'd I scold at Heav'n?
'Tis I, 'Tis I, that caus'd the Love of Tarquin!
'Twas I that spent three live-long Hours to Day,
In dishing out my Charms with this Attire.
'Twas I that bound this flowing Length of Hair
To good Behaviour in these dangling Curls:
Ye dangerous Ornaments, pernicious Charms,
Be gone to others — Thus I tear you from me;
Go, perish, if you can't agree with Virtue!

[*is going to pull off her Head-dress.*]

But what rash Foot is this that treads my Chamber?

Mez. Forgive me Princess, if with hardy Steps,
I come before you in this horrid Pickle,
Bespatter'd like a Pack-Horse, — hasty Zeal —
But hold, — pray tell me first, — if you're Lu-
(cretia?

Lucr. My Lord, I am,

Mez. The Emperor of Rome

Has sent me hither Post, thro' thick and thin,
To give you Tokens of his Heart's deep Wounds;
Videlicet, this ample *Billet-Doux*,
And this *Sestertium*, which, in modern Money,
Makes

Makes just a thousand Crowns and Nine-pence Farthing.

E'en take a Fool's Advice, and do the Job.

Lucr. Are these for me, my Lord?

Mez. For you, my Lady.

Lucr. O Heavens!

Mez. Here Madam, ——— Can you read? ———
(See, what he says ———)

Lucr. Amazement strikes me Dumb.

Mez. Madam, you see we don't design to
(choose you:

'Tis sign'd and seal'd in Form: Here's *Tarquin's*
(Hand;

There's his Great Seal, ——— and lower down,
(my Mark.

Lucr. [*reads*] Madam, Love ties all Hearts in your Chains, and you lead them where you please, like Pigs in a String. You see my Way of making Love is in good ready Cash, and I don't value what it costs me. Your Eyes have struck a Spark of Love into my Heart, and it has taken Fire like Tinder.

Lucr. The Stile is warm.

Mez. And pithy, and concise.

But better than the Note this Gold will plead.

[*gives her the Purse.*]

Lucr. What mean you, Sir? The Purse I'll take
(for once;

But surely *Tarquin* does not know *Lucretia*.

Mez. Not know you? I'll be hang'd then like
(a Dog.

And see how dear he loves you, thus to give
Three hundred *Louis d'Ors*, in ready Money,
For that which many'd sell for Half a Crown,
And thank you too.

Lucr. But for Respect to *Tarquin*,
My Lord, I'd kick you headlong down the Stairs.

Mez. Down Stairs? What kick me down the
(Stairs, my Lady?

Lucr. Yes, down the Stairs, my Lord; for let
(me tell you,
You've undertaken but a queer Employment.

Mez. 'Tis, for all that, the surest Way to rise.

Lucr. My Lord, you're troublesome:——out
(of my House.

Mez. Here's *Tarquin's* self; take Care and do
(your Duty,
While I perform my Part, and hold the Door.
You know, that when the Soldier takes the Ready,
He's lifted, *ipso facto*, past Redemption.

*Enter Harlequin, as Tarquin, follow'd by several
Guards.*

Tarq. Before I came to tell my Flame myself,
I sent m' Ambassador to feel your Pulse;
But soon by fierce Impatience kick'd and spurr'd,
I broke the Curb that held me from your Presence,
And came with all the Speed my Heels cou'd make.

Lucr. My Lord, I am not us'd to hear such
Talk. *Lucretia*, from her very Swaddling-Clouts,
Has been a shining Pattern for her Virtue.

Tarq. In a whole Life one Slip may be allow'd.
We see the Sun it self's sometimes eclips'd,
And yet shines out again in all his Brightness;
And many a Woman here, whose Virtue oft
Has been eclips'd, bears still the Name of Virtuous.
The Knack on't is to do the Deed with Cunning:
Let me eclipse you once, 'twill soon be over.

Lucr. Sure you forget, my Lord, that I'm *Lu-*
(*cretia.*

Tarq. Yes, so I wou'd; for when my Eyes behold
That tiny taper Shape, that roguish Look,
That smooth fresh Skin, that Mouth, those Teeth,
(those Neykins,
Which like two Diamonds sparkle, shine, and
(charm;
But more than all, those pretty little Mountains
Stuck

Stuck to the Bosom with two Nails of Coral;
That little lovely Nose, that — Ah! Sweet Princess,
Every *Lucretia* wou'd be thought a Woman,
And every Man wou'd be as warm as *Tarquin*.

[offers to kiss her Hand.

Lucr. What bold Attempt is this my Lord?

(What do you?

Tarq. Nothing but what another Man wou'd do.
A burning Fire is kindled in my Bosom,
And all my Guts are shrivell'd up like Parchment!
Ah, that sweet Face! — Those Charms! —

(How my Mouth waters!

Lucr. Did you with Innocence adore, per-

(haps —

But all your Thoughts, my Lord, are downright
naughty.

Tarq. Madam, I love, as every Monarch does;
A Smile may fill a common Lover's Belly;
My hungry Passion craves substantial Food.

Lucr. My Lord, you'll drive my Soul to some
(Excess.

Tarq. Madam, you'll drive my Flame to some
(Excess.

Enough already, you have blown my Fire,
Nor can I slip my Neck from forth the Collar.

Lucr. E're I wou'd let thee have thy wicked
(Will,

I'd run this Dagger thro' my virtuous Guts.

Tarq. 'Tis yet too soon to play such Tricks as
(those,

Let's do it first, and then stab where you please.

Lucr. What, Sir, my Virtue, that immortal
(Flower?

Tarq. Pox! Here's a Fuss indeed about your
(Virtue!

Ho, Guards!

Mez. Your Will, Sir?

Lucr.

Lucr. If no Pray'rs can stop
Your lustful Rage, behold the noblest Action,
The World e're heard of. Cruel, barbarous Man!
In vain, I've fought against thy black Designs;
Now thou shalt know *Lucretia*, and her Virtue.

[She stabs herself, and lets her Dagger fall.]

Tarq. What do I see, ye Gods!

Mez. Pooh! she's in Jest, Man.

Tarq. Plague choak me! no! she falls! she
[dies!]

'Twas I, you cruel Gods, that was her Murderer;
'Twas I that plung'd the Dagger in her Heart:
Open thy Jaws, O Earth, gape wide, gape wide,
And gulp me down thy frightful, craggy Throat!
Fall, fall, thou Thunder, in a thousand Splinters,
And beat these wicked Brains out!—but methinks
This Arm might do my Business full as well,
And save the Gods the Trouble. *[Takes up the
Dagger which Lucretia had stabb'd herself with.]*

——Come, thou Dagger,

Still warm with smoaking Virtue; in one Hour
Thou shalt destroy both *Tarquin* and *Lucretia*;
Pierce this base Heart, —— pierce deep, ——
(Why don't I do it?)

Let's strike, — no, let's adjourn it till to morrow.
I find my Arm grow faint; I can't help crying,
Nor hold the Dagger longer for my Blood.

'Tis well if I don't swoon, —— come hold me up,
[to Mez. leaning upon him.]

O Age! O Manners! What will Times to
(come

Say, when they hear, that rather than comply,
A Woman dy'd! Ah! my *Lucretia*! Ah!

Thy rash Example will be little follow'd!

Mez.

Mez. Weep, weep, my Lord, for what your
(Pranks have done!

Tarq. I can't; but you who can, e'en do it for (me.

Mez. At least, Sir, sing; do something to be-
(wail her.

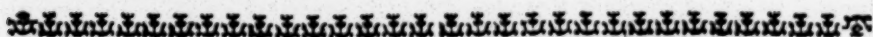
Targ. Thou rather ought'st to take thy Pipe
(in Hand.

[Sings] *For I took thee for my Valet,
Because of thy sweet Flageolet.*

Both singing
in Chorus as
they go out.

For { I took thee for my } Valét,
 { He took me for his }

Because of $\left\{ \begin{smallmatrix} \text{thy} \\ \text{my} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ sweet Flageolet.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Octavio, Harlequin, Pierrot.

Harl. [to *Pier.*] **B**E gone, I say: As I undertook the Business, so I'll go thro' with it.

Oz. But let him speak.

Harl. I have done, Sir—— For my Part, I have done, I have done: A Beast speak! —— O Lud, O Lud.

Pier. No more a Beast than your self.

OS. [*to Harl.*] Prithee let's hear him. Who knows? The Itch he has to be speaking may proceed from ——

G

Harl.

Harl. The Itch he has to be speaking does not surprize me. *Omnis homo naturaliter cupit scire.* But I'm surpriz'd you shou'd desire to hear him.

Off. Come, poor *Pierrot*, speak, my Lad, and never heed *Harlequin*. How shall we obtain the Doctor's Consent to my marrying *Angelica*? Thou know'st we can't do without it.

Pier. Sir, I can put you in a Way——

Harl. [*interrupting*] ——To *Bedlam*.

Pier. To obtain his Consent infallibly; we must endeavour to make the Doctor dumb.

Harl. Wou'd thou wert so.

Off. [*to Harl.*] Prithee have Patience: [*to Pierrot*] Why make the Doctor dumb? I don't understand thee.

Pier. Why! thus I reason: A dumb Man can't speak; he that can't speak is silent, and Silence gives Consent. *Ergo*, by making the Doctor dumb, we shall have his Consent. Ha?

Harl. [*laughing*] An Argument *in balordo*.

Off. [*to Pier.*] Devil take thee and thy Argument too. [*turning to Harl.*] Dear *Harlequin*, advise me: I'm utterly undone, if you don't assist me.

Harl. No, Sir,——I must not presume to speak. *Pierrot* has an Itch to be speaking——Hear him——Who knows——

Off. I was to blame to mind him; but a Man is willing to hear any Thing that may contribute to remove the Difficulties he lies under. Thou hast ten Times his Sense; none but thee can relieve me. Good, dear *Harlequin*——

Harl. Well, if I do speak, it is not for your Sake I do't; 'tis only to confound that Scrub there, who fancies himself a mighty Scholar, and pretends to argue according to the Rules forsooth: He had better go and chop Logick to
the

the Horses in the Stable. [to Oct.] Now, Sir, to let you see the Difference of Mens Talents, I'll shew you the true Method of proving a Thing to a Demonstration.

Oct. I'm infinitely oblig'd to you.

Harl. In order to obtain *Angelica*, you must go your self *in propria personâ*, and ask her of the Doctor. At first you must make your Approaches to him with a grave and submissive Mein.

Oct. Grave and submissive?

Harl. Yes; Grave, to shew you're a Man of Quality; and submissive, to shew you come to beg a Favour of him. For Example, thus: [Harlequin puts himself in a Posture of Gravity and Submission both together] In this Attitude you must thus bespeak his Doctorship: I beseech ye to grant me *Angelica* in Marriage.

Oct. Upon which he instantly replies, No, you shan't have her.

Harl. So much the better: I wou'dn't he shou'd say Yes for the World: Then replies you, keeping your Posture all the While: Good Mr. Doctor, be so kind as to bestow *Angelica* on poor Octavio.

Oct. Then he'll say again, No, I won't.

Harl. Then I knab him. The Moment that the second No is out of his Mouth, you must thank him, and then go and wed *Angelica*.

Oct. Do ye banter me? When the Doctor shall have twice refus'd her me, shall I be advanc'd a Step forwarder than I was before I spoke to him?

Harl. How thick of Understanding you are! No wonder you're so fond of *Pierrot*; every Thing loves its like. Is it possible for you not to know, that in the Schools two Negatives make an Affirmative, *ergo*, When the Doctor shall have twice said No, 'tis the same as if he had once

said Yes ; and consequently his Consent is granted.

Off. Thy Argument is as impertinent as *Pierrot's*.

Harl. I did it but to make you laugh, and to expose *Pierrot*. To be serious, there is a sure Way to get the Doctor's Consent. Go and get ready your Disguise. Metamorphose your self into a wild Man, and be at the *Seraglio* of the Emperor of *Cape Verd*. You shall find me there : The Doctor will come thither, and we'll make him swallow the Gudgeon, I'll warrant ye : But first and foremost, do you and *Angelica* repair to the Dial of the *Zodiack*, where *Colombine* has assur'd me the Doctor will likewise come.

Pier. You had not known that but for me.

[*Exit.*

Off. I begin to have some Hopes : I'll go and prepare Things.

[*Exit*

Har. Do ; I'll tarry here, and wait the Doctor's coming.

Enter the Doctor, listening to Harlequin, who after he has taken several Papers out of his Pocket, bawls aloud ;

Har. The World's Wonder, or the Wonder of the World, Gentlemen ; walk in and take your Places, we're just going to begin. Here's the famous Tumblers of *Europe* : A nimble *Biscayneer* leaps from behind a Coach into it, without being hurt by the Wheel : A grave Man in a Fur-Gown leaps over Justice with both Feet join'd together : An old Woman leaps back from fifty to five and twenty : A young Damsel leaps from a Maid to a Widow, without passing thro' Wedlock. Pray, Gentlemen, walk in. Here are natural Monsters : A Creature, Half-Physician,
Half-

Half-Poet : Another, Half-Lawyer, Half-Soldier :
 An *Anthropophagos*, that eats up Men alive, but
 has no Stomach to a Woman. Here are a thou-
 sand other Curiosities, that may be seen without
 Loss of Time, Gentlemen, without Loss of Time.
 A green Bag, containing the Papers of a Law-
 Suit between two *Normans*, commenc'd in the
 Days of *Richard the Fearless*, first Duke of *Nor-*
mandy, and will continue two hundred Years
 longer. You'll see here a *Gascoon's* strong Box, of
 the Weight of three Barlycorns, and yet contain-
 ing all his Layings up for ten Years together : But
 the most surprizing Thing, Gentlemen, not on-
 ly of the whole Fair, but of the whole World,
 is a Pendulum that marks the Hour of Borrow-
 ing, but never that of Paying ; a Piece of Work-
 manship highly useful to most Half-pay Offi-
 cers.

Doctor. I wou'd gladly see that Pendulum, Sir ;
 if 'tis as you say, I'll give any Money for't.

Harl. Oh, Sir, these Pendulums are not to be
 sold ; the Government makes Lotteries with 'em,
 which are all to go by Clock-work.

Doctor. I'll take some of the Tickets, I'm re-
 solv'd.

Harl. You'll do well ; you have a lucky Phy-
 zionomy : You'll get the highest Prize.

Doctor. How know you that ?

Harl. By *Horologie*, a manual Astrology, by
 which I palpably feel every Sign of the *Zodiack* :
 For Example ; by the *Ram* I know you have
 a hard Head : By the *Bull*, that your Brow is
 ordain'd to wear the Arms of that Creature : By
 the *Twins*, that if you have two Children, nei-
 ther of them will be yours : By the *Crab*, that
 in the Business of Love you'll go backwards ra-
 ther than forwards : By the *Li.n*, that but an
 Afs

As will make ye run : By *Virgo*, that a Maid is a Tidbit you'll never taste of : By *Libra*, that your Learning is light Weight : By *Scorpio*, that your Sting is harmless : By *Sagittarius*, that you shoot at Rovers : By *Pisces*, that you may be taken by tickling, like a Gudgeon : By *Aquarius* that you han't so much as a Drop of radical Moisture left : And by the *Goat*, that you have no Mark of Wisdom but a long Beard. But before I take your Money, I'll shew you how it is. Show there.

Scene opens and discovers a large Dial, as also all the Signs of the Zodiack.

Doctor. Here are several Signs I'm a Stranger to !

Harl. I believe as much : They are all of 'em Signs Symbolical and Mystical, which I have substituted in the Room of those of the Ancients. I rectify the *Zodiack* whenever I have a Mind to't.

Doctor. [*staring at it*] A Lawyer ? How comes a Lawyer among the celestial Bodies ?

Harl. 'Twas I that plac'd him there in the room of *Cancer* : He was a griping Dog, pox on him, he'd like to ha' starv'd me to Death when I was his Clerk ; his Clock us'd to strike for Supper before we had our Dinner.

Doctor. Who is she with Scales in her Hand ?

Harl. Instead of *Libra* we have put our Neighbour the Grocer's Wife. In Times past, Justice was wont to make Use of the Scales in Courts of Judicature ; but now a-days they're only us'd for weighing Sugar and Spice.

Doctor. Ha ! there's a Man like me.

Harl.

Harl. It's *Capricorn*: By it I represent Cuckoldom; but that being a tender Point, I shall forbear enlarging upon it: I had rather lose my Jest than my Friend.

Doctor. Are there any sick Folks in the Firmament; because I see a Glyster-pipe levell'd at me.

Harl. Instead of *Sagittarius*, I have plac'd this venerable Apothecary. Every Face without a Nose (*i. e. Podex*) shudders at Sight of him; while he, respectfully kneeling, most civilly lets fly his Shaft.

Doctor. What, are any of the Signs dead, because I see a Vacancy in your *Zodiack*?

Harl. I have in vain hunted over all our Hemisphere, to find a Maid to fill up the Stall of *Virgo*. Next Fleet will bring me one from the *South-Sea*. But how do ye like my *Gemini*, those two Twins?

Doctor. Bless me, 'tis *Octavio* and *Angelica* embracing each other!

Harl. You've hit it, Doctor; the old *Gemini* are indeed dead; but these two, by thus incorporating together, will in Time give Birth to more.

Doctor. [*in a Rage*] Devil take you and your *Zodiack* too, for a saucy Varlet as you are!

Harl. Don't be in a Passion, good Doctor: To put you into Humour again, I'll regale your Ear with something very curious.

Doctor. I'll neither see nor hear any more: You're a Corrupter of Youth, and——

Harl. There's no stirring yet— See, Father Time is coming to sing us a Song: You must not interrupt him; 'tis as much as your Life's worth; off goes your Head with his Scythe.

Doct.

Doct. Rot him, but I must bear it ; who knows what he may do else.

[Mezzetin, representing Time, jumps down from the Dial, and bristles up to the Doctor, singing,

*Thou hast lost thy Reason,
Thou art past thy Season,
The End of thy Days draws near :
Think no more of a Wife
In thy low Ebb of Life,
For a Winding-Sheet rather prepare.*

[Mezzetin having done singing, all go off, and the Scene changes.

S C E N E III.

Enter Leander like a Coffeeman, Scaramouche in the Habit of a Swiss Officer, Mezzetin in that of a Fop.

Scar. What hoa there, Francis, Ambrose, Bastien : No Body within ?

Lean. Coming, Sir : What wou'd you please to have ?

Scar. Plague choak ye ; I have been tearing my Throat to Pieces these two Hours. Ratafee, quick.

Lean. Some Ratafee for the Gentleman.

[They bring a Two-Quart Bottle.

Scar. [having empty'd it at one Draught] Is thy Ratafee good ?

Lean. That's as you find it.

Scar. I don't think it goes down glib enough. Give me some more.

[They bring him another Bottle, which he swallows like the first.

Lean. Not glib enough, quotha ?

Scar.

Scar. [*drinking a third Bottle*] It is not strong enough of the Kernel. Give me some more. Is it natural as it came from the Grape ?

Lean. As natural as any Champagne that's sold at *Paris*.

Scar. That's as much as to say, you Dealers in Ratafee are as honest Folks as the Vintners.

Lean. Much at one : In a short Time we hope to be incorporated together, like the Fiddlers and Dancing-Masters. Will ye please to have any more ?

Scar. A pretty Question ! [*They give him another Bottle, which he dispatches*] I begin now to be sensible, that this same Ratafee of yours is damn'd Stuff, actually damn'd Stuff.

Lean. What's the Fault on't, Sir ? You did not perhaps thoroughly taste it. Will you please to have another Bottle ?——Who comes here ?

Enter Mezzetin like a Petit Maitre, or Fop, humming a Song, and walking about in a thoughtless Manner.

Mez. So it be but a Woman what care I,
What care I, &c.

Lean. [*to Mez.*] What will you please to drink, Sir ? Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate ?

Mez. [*still thoughtless, and humming his Song*]
What care I, what care I, &c.

Lean. Will ye walk up, or stay below, Sir ?

Mez. *What care I, what care I, &c.*

Scar. [*to Mez. who unwarily jostled him*] Pray, Sir, look before you a little ; if you don't, I must leave the Room.

Mez. *What care I, what care I, &c.*

Scar. 'Sdeath, Sir, what do ye mean ?

Mez. *What care I, what care I, &c.*

H

Scar.

Scar. [*drawing his Sword*] D—— me, draw, Sir.

Mez. [*drawing his Sword*] *What care I, what care I, &c*

Scar. [*receiving a Wound*] Ah, I'm kill'd, murder'd; help, help; Watch, Watch.

Mez. [*pursuing him*] *What care I, what care I, &c.*

Scar. [*running off*] Rascal, Villain, you have kill'd me; you shall be hang'd.

Mez. *What care I, what care I, &c.* [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pierrot and the Doctor.

Pier. Joy, Joy to ye, Sir. Didn't I tell you you'd find *Angelica* again?

Doct. I promis'd twenty Pistoles to any that could find her for me : And now I'd give fifty to any that would lose her for me.

Pier. Pay me first for the one, and afterwards we'll bargain about the other.

Doct. Have you met with her in your Walks?

Pier. No, Sir; but my Correspondents have given me Information concerning her. A certain Link-Boy told me, That between Eleven and Twelve last Night, being in the Suburbs, he saw a young Woman turn'd out of Doors in her Smock, and all her Household-Goods thrown after her out at Window. Is this *Angelica*?

Doct. No, no.

Pier. I have Advice from a Custom-House Porter, that among some Money-Bags of a certain Commissioner, a little tiny Woman had hid herself, after she had been quite stript at Play.

Doct. That's not her; she's too big to be cover'd by any Thing but a Sack of Meal.

Pier.

Pier. Another Correspondent of mine, that keeps a *Geneva* Shop, swore to me e'en now, That about Four a'Clock i'th' Morning, he saw a handsome Female Client enter the Chambers of a young Hearing Council, in order to open her Case to him.

Doct. *Angelica* has no Law-Suit.

Pier. Stay, Sir, I have likewise Intelligence —

Doct. I'll hear no more, either of *Angelica* or thy Intelligence : I despise her to that Degree, I'll marry the first Woman I can light of.

Pier. Since, Sir, you have such a Wambling towards a Wife, 'tis but stepping to the Seraglio of the Emperor of *Cape Verd*, who is going to make Sale of his Wives by Auction : 'Tis Odds but you'll meet with one there to your Tooth.

Doct. How ? Are Women to be sold at the Fair, say ye ?

Pier. Oh, Sir, 'tis the very Staple of all *Paris* for that Commodity : You can't imagine how many Head of that Sort of Cattle go off there every Hour.

Doct. Let's go and see what Trade they drive.

Pier. I'll wait on you thither, Doctor. I'll be their Chapman for one, if I like her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE opens, and represents the Seraglio of the Emperor of *Cape Verd*.

Harl. Behold the Prince of *Verdure*, wholesome Colour,

Cheering the Sight : I the *Green Dyer* am
To Madam Nature : Apes and Perrokeets
My Subjects are : King of *Canary* Birds,
And Emperor of the Cape call'd *Verd*, am I.
Grey tho' my Head be, yet my Tail is *Green*,

[*Showing the Train of his Mantle.*]

So fares it with the Leek, the *Gaulish* Ensign.
Green Sauce, *Green Peas*, and *Wine Verdee* I love,
 Nor do I *Green Girls* hate. In this *Seraglio*
 Are to be sold or lett all Sorts of Women.
 Were I inclin'd, instead of selling Wives,
 To buy ; what Shoals of marry'd Men would
 [crowd
 This Place, what Pen'worths I should have !

Pier. [to Harlequin] Sir, here's a *Lethargick*
 wants a Wife.

Harl. *Lethargick*, and want a Wife : Sure he
 must dream.

Scar. [in a huge Cloak] I ever sleep, I ever yawn.

Harl. What a damn'd Gash he has beneath his
 Nose !

Scar. I come to fit my self with a Wife.

Harl. Rather be wedded to a Pillow.

Scar. No, Sir, I want a brisk buxom Lass, to
 sing and keep me awake.

Harl. A sprightly Wife and a sleepy Husband
 can never long agree. When the Cock crows,
 the Hen always awakes : But when the Cock's a-
 sleep the Hen may strain her Throat out, she'll
 never be heard by the Cock.

Scar. There's many a marry'd Man in this good
 Company would be glad he cou'd sleep sound at
 certain Times ; for he that sleeps, sees nothing.

Harl. But if a Man sleeps so sound, that his
 Wife can't wake him, she may be provok'd to
 take that Opportunity of trying, whether she
 can't wake one of his Prentices : But now you shall
 view all my Sultana's, and her you like best you
 shall have. [The Sultana's come forward.

Harl. [to Scaramouche, who is dropt asleep] Hei !
 what, sleep when you're about chusing a Wife :
 The

The most clear sighted, upon such an Occasion,
have Need enough of their Eyes. Get up; here's
one will fit you to a Hair; she's always singing;
(to one Sultana) advance, fair Nymph.

[She comes forward, dress'd like a Sultana, and sings,

*The Man that's possess'd of a beautiful Prize,
Must watch like the Dragon, and ne'er shut his Eyes;
For a Husband oft wakes with a Pain in his Head,
Which he felt not o'er Night when he went to his
Bed.*

Harlequin sings,

*A Wife, like a Fort on the Frontiers, is sure,
Either sooner or later, a Siege to endure:
Her Spouse like a Centry, must keep a sharp Eye:
Who is that? Who goes there? must still be the Cry;
For if he once nods, or but stirs from his Post,
The Corps de Gard's enter'd, the Place is quite lost.*

Enter Mezzetin, (in a Spanish Habit, both weeping
and laughing) Harlequin.

Mez. In me, Sir, you behold the most unfortu-
nate of Men. Ha, ha, ha. [laughs.

Harl. One would not think so by your Laugh-
ing and Skipping.

Mez. My Sides are ready to split with Laugh-
ing, when I think on my going to be marry'd.

[weeps.
Harl. People don't use to weep on such an Oc-
casion.

Mez. I was to'ther Day cast in a Law-Suit, and
it has almost undone me. Ha, ha, ha. [laughs.

Har. I shou'd think it no Laughing Matter.

Mez. But what rejoices my Heart, is, that I
have obtain'd a Divorce from my first Wife. [weeps.

Harl.

Harl. What a strange Sort of a Mortal is this? He laughs when he should weep, and weeps when he should laugh.

Mez. The Jade has taken away my good Name, and charges me in the Spiritual Court, that I am not a Man, and has got me declar'd old in the Flower of my Age.

Harl. I understand ye, they have put you upon the List *de frigidis et maleficiatis*.

Mez. But the best Jest is to come, (you'll burst with Laughing) her Bitch of a Servant has sworn a Child to me, because forsooth 'tis like me, as she says.

Harl. If Men were oblig'd to adopt all the Children that resemble 'em, and disown all that don't, 'twould make fine Work in Families.

Mez. Am not I an unfortunate Fellow; I flatter'd my self, that of two opposite Suits I must gain one, and yet I lost both.

Harl. Both? That was unjust.

Mez. Certainly; for either I am a Man, or I am not: My Maid is in the Affirmative, my Wife in the Negative; and yet in one and the same Day, the very same identical Judges, in one Breath, declar'd, That I was, and I was not, and have accordingly condemn'd me in Costs, Ha, ha, ha.

[*Harl. sings,*

*Henceforth beware,
The Law forbear,
Else thou'rt a very Block;
Since one Decree
Pronounces thee
Both Capon and a Cock.*

But what have you done with your second Wife,

Mez.

Mezz. Alack! Sir, she's dead: Her Relations wou'd have it that I had murder'd her; and, but for Money and good Friends, I had swung for *Femmicide*.

Harl. Prithee, how? Tell me that Story.

Mezz. The short and the long is, my Wife dy'd, forsooth, because I was not complaisant enough to her.

Harl. Sure, she must have been a very stomachful Woman.

Mezz. One cold Winter's Morning, about two o' Clock, Home she comes, thundering at the Door, Devil-like; but I had not the Complaisance to let her in, so she lay out all Night.

Harl. And dy'd.

Mezz. Nothing like it.

Harl. Nay, indeed I shou'd have much wonder'd; for no Woman ever dy'd yet for lying Abroad.

Mezz. Another Time I shut her up two Days and two Nights in the Cellar; she had a Half-Peck-Loaf, indeed, to munch upon: However, I had not the Complaisance to let her out, tho' she begg'd and pray'd 'till she was hoarse again.

Harl. And of this she dy'd?

Mezz. The Devil a bit; she drank me out seven Gallons of *Champagne* while she was there, and 'eat me up two Thirds of a Gammon of Bacon weighing nineteen Pound.

Harl. She was in a plaguy Pet, sure.

Mezz. Well: Finding I cou'd do no good on her, I carry'd her Abroad, to take the Air on the Water, up towards *Charenton*: As she was carelessly leaning over the Side of the Boat, (for I wou'd not let her sit at the Back-board) I gives my Gentlewoman a little Jog, by the By, and in the tumbles; and now nothing's heard, but, *Help, Help*; but I was not so Complaisant as to reach her my Hand.

Harl.

Harl. And so she dy'd.

Mezz. No, she was drown'd.

Harl. Dying and Drowning are much the same Thing: But pray what Profession may you be of?

Mezz. I'm an *Italian* Musick-Master, Sir.

Harl. I don't wonder there's a Defect in your Person then, and that you are so uncomplaisant. But I know how to accommodate you with a Wife: I have a Damsel here, that formerly perform'd a principal Part in the Opera of the Birds. You two will make rare Musick together. She's a good discreet young Woman; for rather than blast your Reputation by suing ye in the *Spiritual-Court* for Non-performance, she'll apply to the *Court of Assistants*, and get her Business done that Way.

Mezz. I accept of her. But remember that

[Sings.]

*Sometimes I'm a Man, and sometimes I'm none :
As Occasion presents, so I alter my Tone :
To a Neighbour's Wife Ay, but No to my own.*

Harlequin Sings.

*In your Field clear the Brambles, dig, water, and sow ;
Plant, out and in Season, if rich you wou'd grow :
But leave your Wife Fallow ; for if she be till'd,
She'll bring forth a Fruit that no Profit will yield.*

Mezz. But as to being complaisant to one's Wife: ———

Harl. Oh! as to that, follow this Advice:

Sings.

*Treat thy Wife with Respect, both in Country and Town,
And when she's a Drowning, — why, e'en let her drown.*

Enter

Enter Doctor, in a Fright.

Doct. Save me ! help ! Murder ! help !

Harl. What's the Matter, Doctor, is the Fair o' Fire ?

Doct. Oh ! worse, worse a hundred Times ! The wild Man that they show at the Fair, the *Anthropophagus*, the *Man-eater*, is got loose from his Keeper, and runs after me to devour me. He's never quiet 'till he sees Women. Have you none here ?

Off. [*like a wild Man, flying at the Doctor*] *Bo-anas Sigyda peristoc ourda Chiribistaq.*

Doct. Mercy ! I'm dead ! Slip a Woman at him, good now ; quick, quick.

Harl. [*putting Angelica to him*] There Mr. *Anthropophagus*, there's something to lay your Vapours.

Ang. [*Seeing the Doctor*] The Doctor ! Oh ! Heavens !

Wild Man. *Astrador ourda caristac.* What do I see ? What agreeable Object offers it self to my Sight ! I grow calm ! [*to Harlequin pointing to Angelica*] What Thing is this ?

Harl. That ? That's a Woman.

Wild Man. A Woman ? And what's a Woman ?

Ang. A Woman is a speaking Machine, that puts the whole Universe in Motion, and is her self mov'd, by the Springs of Tenderness.

Harl. No, no, that is not the Definition of a Woman. A Woman is a little Animal, half Gentle and half Mischievous ; half Caprice and half Reason ; a Piece of Harmony which is sometimes very full of Discord.

Wild Man. I don't understand you.

I

Harl.

Harl. A Woman is a timorous Animal, and yet very dreadful: It fights only to be overcome, and makes you beg Quarter, when it can defend it self no longer. Do you understand me now?

Wild Man. Pretty little Creature! the more I look upon it, the more it pleases me. [*To Harl.*] Pray tell me, is it Flesh or Fish?

Harl. It is Flesh and Bone as you see, tho' there are some that are forc'd to take up with the Scraps of it.

Wild Man. And what is it good for?

Harl. For every Thing. Woman is in Society what Pepper is in Sauces. If you would laugh, sing, drink, dance, in short, wherever there are Men, Woman is necessary.

Doct. You have given the Definition of a Woman, now I'll give that of a Maid. A Maid is a little wild Bird, that I intend to put into a Cage; and thus I go about it.

[*Lays hold of Angelica.*]

Wild Man. [*flying at the Doctor*] *Chauriby masala cheriefperistag.*

Harl. [*to the Doctor*] Bless us! slip her at him again quickly.

Wild Man. [*when they have given him Angelica again*] I find my Gentleness returning again. Ah, if they would but give me this pretty Creature, I would promise you never to eat a Man again as long as I live, but to keep to this one Dish ever afterwards.

Ang. You would soon grow weary of it.

Harl. There's none more delicious; but then there's none more cloying. [*To the Doctor*] Come, Doctor, e'en give him what he asks of you.

Doct. What, give *Angelica* to one that eats Man's Flesh!

Ang. You

Ang. You need not be afraid he'll hurt me; and that he may never do You any Harm, I'll be always with him.

Doct. How, Hufley !

Ang. Come, don't be angry, Doctor; if you give me to this wild Man, we'll never call you to any Account of my Fortune.

Doct. No ! why then let him take her with him into the Country of *Anthropophagia* if he will, and let me hear no more of her.

Harl. You'll do the World a particular Piece of Service; for this Eater of human Flesh before made it his whole Business to destroy Mankind; and now it will be his whole Work to encrease it.

[Turns to the wild Man, and sings.

*And you, Mr. Savage, who now are so wild,
Three or four Days in Wedlock will make you more*

[mild.

*A fair Face at first sets one all on a Flame,
But a little Possession will soon make you tame.*

Doct. But, Mr. Emperor, give me a Wife too, as well as the rest; for I've a huge Mind to marry again.

Harl. I'm afraid you have nothing else but the Mind, for I doubt you are too old to have the Power. But come, I'll do you two Favours at a Time, marry you, and make you young again.

Doct. Make me young again !

Harl. Yes, make you young again. 'Tis only pounding you in my Apothecary's Mortar ; and three Days afterwards you will come out as gay and vigorous as you were at Eighteen. Call *Caricaca*, my Apothecary.

Enter

*Enter Mezzetin dress'd in a black Cloak and Band,
with a Mortar upon his Head, and a Cat holding
the Pestle with her Claws.*

Mez. Your Pleasure, Sir,—What Business have
you for me?

Harl. To make that Gentleman young again.
[Pointing to the Doctor.] Shew him how 'tis to be
done.

Mez. In a trice——Come, Puss, pound.

[The Cat pounds the Mortar, while Mezzetin
sings a Quack Song, in Cant Words, after
which he goes out.]

Harl. [to the Doctor] Well, Sir, what do you
say of my Apothecary and his Journeyman?

Doct. I say, every Thing you have is won-
derful.

Harl. If these Gentlemen think so, 'tis well
enough.——

*A noted Fair you've seen us act to Day,
But where's the Crowd that flocks to Fairs you'll say;
That Part our petty Number could not hit,
But hope to find them always in the Pit.*

F I N I S.



